









## THE SEARCH FOR ADVENTURE

(Siegfried, the Hero of German Legend, Sets Sail for Brunhild's Court)

*By the contemporary German artist, R. J. F. Deygas*

WHAT little we know of the Franks of the sixth and seventh centuries comes to us through Latin chronicles kept by the churchmen of Gaul under Frankish rule. In Germany, the ruder and more ancient part of their domain, there were no records preserved. Yet the terrible tragedies caused by the rivalry of Brunhild and Fredegund were handed down even in Germany by tradition; and later ages founded upon this basis the celebrated German epic, the *Nibelungenlied*, which stands as the beginning of German literature.

In a strange confusion of history and fancy this remarkable epic tells of the love of Siegfried for Brunhild, and of all the disasters that followed. Siegfried, hardly recognizable as his historic prototype, King Siegbert, became to the Germans the symbol of perfect strength and glory and wild adventure. Apparently it was at this time that the northern tribes first began to search the world in ships; that wanderlust arose which led to their exploring and ravaging all the coasts of Europe. Hence among the earliest adventures of Siegfried, their typical hero, was placed the one here depicted. He sets forth across the unknown ocean to the fabled realm of Is-land or Iceland and there finds Brunhild ruling as a mighty warrior queen, whose love he wins.







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## THE NIBELUNGENLIED

(The Quarrel of the Queens as to Which Ranks Highest)

*From a painting by the recent German artist, Frank Kirchbach*

IN the legendary story of Siegfried and Brunhild—which may be quite as near the truth as the confused and distorted annals of Siegbert and Brunhild handed down to us through the Frankish monks—the mighty German hero forgets his love for the queen, and weds instead a princess of Burgundy, Kriemhild. Brunhild weds the Burgundian king. Then the two queens quarrel.

This famous quarrel scene is made the central fact of the Nibelungenlied and of the wonderful music dramas which the more recent German genius, Wagner, has built on these old legends. Kriemhild and Brunhild meet by chance at the doorway of the cathedral in the Burgundian capital of Worms. Each queen regards her own husband as being the mightier king, so each claims the honor of being first to enter the cathedral. Even thus, you will remember, had the real King Siegbert and King Chilperic been jealous of each other's celebrity in that affair of wedding the great Visigothic princesses. In the Nibelungen dispute between the queens, Kriemhild heaps angry scorn on Brunhild as having been loved and forgotten by Siegfried; and as proof of this she flashes before her rival's eye, a jeweled girdle which Siegfried had received from Brunhild.

Brunhild crushed and shamed gives way before Kriemhild, but determines on revenge.















## SIEGFRIED'S DEATH

(Darkness Shuts Out the Sunshine of Life)

*By the contemporary German artist, Hermann Hendrick*

IN the Nibelungenlied the quarrel of the queens leads on to the central tragedy. Brunhild demands that her husband, the Burgundian king Gunther, shall kill Siegfried to avenge her for all the injury that has come upon her through him. Gunther refuses, for Siegfried is his brother-in-law and mighty ally. But Brunhild finds a more ready champion in Gunther's dark and grim old uncle Hagen. A hunt is arranged, and as the unsuspecting Siegfried stoops to drink at a forest spring he is stabbed in the back by Hagen. Some of our scholars read into this old tale a nature myth, saying that Hagen is the darkness of night which destroys the daylight, the splendid sunshine which Siegfried represents. It is in this manner that our picture conceives the incident. The sun in the background is eclipsed and black night triumphs.

After telling of Siegfried's death, the Nibelungenlied recounts Kriemhild's revenge, interweaving these events with the Huns' invasion of Europe, and their battle with the Burgundians over a century before. Kriemhild weds the Hunnish king and directs his armies against the Burgundians, who are all slain, dying the death of heroes with Gunther and Hagen leading them and fighting to the last.

Whether reviewed in poetry or in history those were savage ages of barbaric passions.











## THE LITTLE FISH

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE FISH"

THE LITTLE FISH, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE FISH" 11

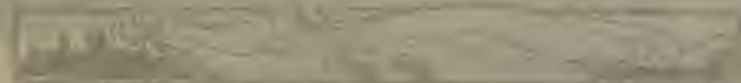
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## BONIFACE, THE BENEFACTOR

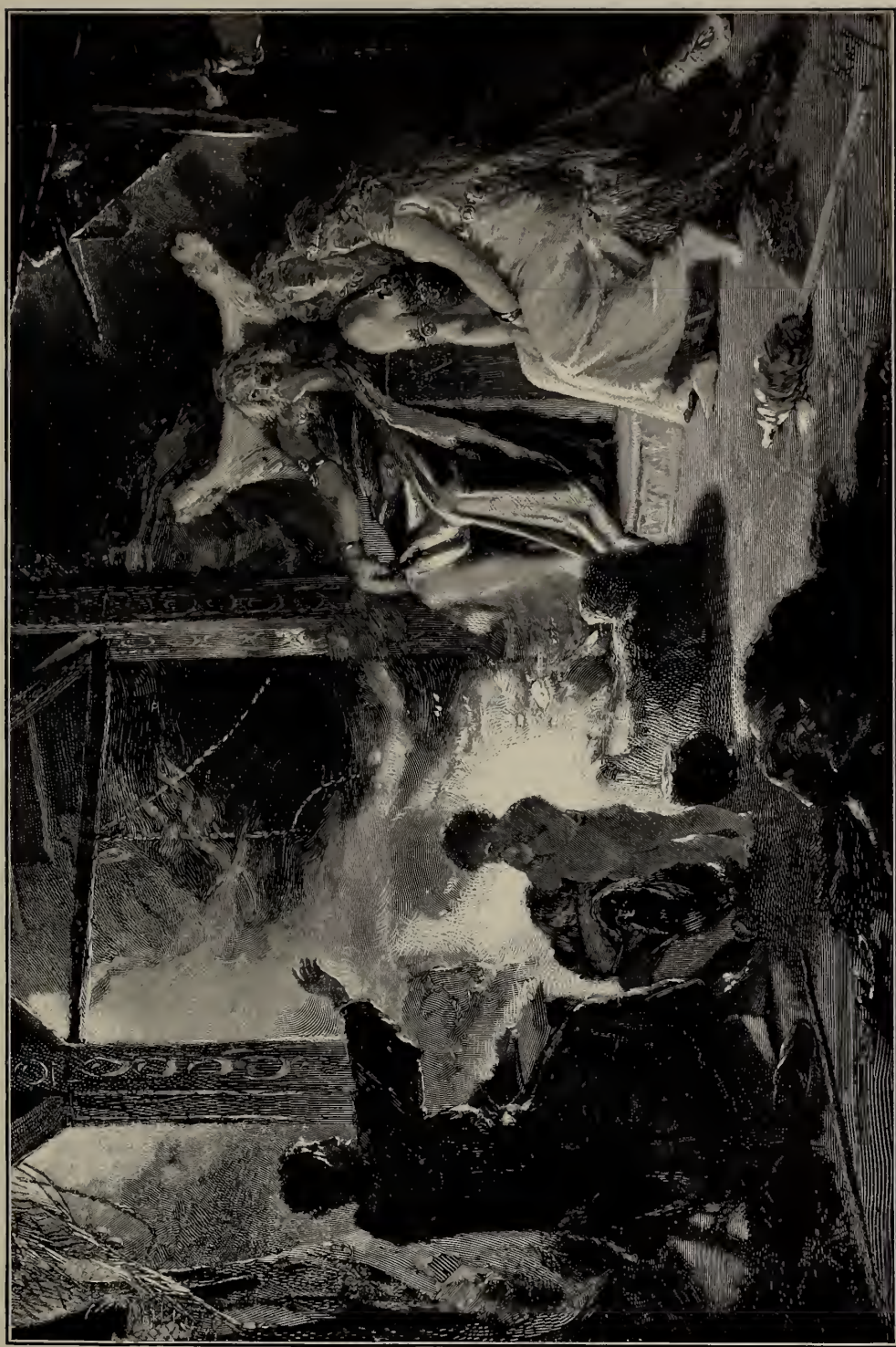
(Saint Boniface Brings the Light of Christianity Into Central Germany)

*From the historical series of paintings by Alexander Zick*

WHEN we look at Germany as it appeared at the beginning of the eighth century, two men stand out strongly before us as the country's leaders and benefactors. One of these is Charles Martel; the other is the English monk Winfred usually known as Boniface, which means the benefactor, a title given him by the Pope. Boniface converted the Germans to Christianity.

The Franks, the chief tribe of the Germans had, as we have seen, adopted Christianity under Clovis, and had by their mingling with the Gauls become quite civilized. But the wilder German tribes of central Germany still clung to the worship of Woden and their other ancient gods. Winfred went among these tribes in fierce martyr fashion. They must hear him or slay him. With scornful words he defied the old heathen gods; with his own vigorous hands he destroyed their shrines. The Germans scarcely interfered, they looked to see the profane intruder struck down by lightning. When they found their gods fall helpless before Winfred's assaults, they came to believe he must be right, their former deities must indeed be dead or powerless. Then the missionary showed them the softer side of the new faith; through long winter evenings he talked to their chieftains, as we see him here. Winfred was indeed martyred at last, slain by a wild tribe whose idols he had scorned; but he did not die until he had converted a nation and erected the first Christian church in the heart of Germany, at the foot of the Thuringian mountains where a monument to this vehement Saint Boniface now stands.













## THE HIGHEST WAVE OF MAHOMETAN INVASION

(The Franks at Tours Discover that the Mahometan Host Has Fled)

*By the noted French illustrator, A. de Neuville (1836-1885)*

**L**INKED with the days and the fame of Saint Boniface stands also the name of the truly great statesman and military leader, Charles Martel, which means Charles of the Hammer. By this time the repeated partition of the empire of the Franks among the descendants of Clovis had brought about a clearly marked division of the realm and of the conquering race. The more civilized Franks who dwelt among the Gauls in the western half of the empire were called the "West-men" or "Neustrians," and the wilder Franks of what we to-day know as Germany were called "East-men" or "Austrians." Charles Martel was a mighty fighter, who reunited Austrians and Neustrians in a single realm, though never snatching at the title of king. He ruled the land well; he upheld and encouraged Saint Boniface in his preachings; and finally, the deed for which he is most famous, Charles, in the great battle of Tours hurled back the tide of Mahometan conquest which threatened to engulf Europe as it had already engulfed Africa and western Asia.

A vast army of over three hundred thousand Mahometans, having conquered Spain, invaded France. Charles and his Franks held them back for a whole week, fighting them day after day. On the eighth day the Mahometans failed to attack, and when the Franks slowly and cautiously penetrated the silent camp of their enemies they found it deserted. The invaders had given up the assault as hopeless, and had fled in a sudden panic of despair.















## THE LAST OF THE MEROVINGIANS

(Chilperic III is Shorn of His Kingship and His Hair)

*By the French artist, Evariste V. Luminais, of Nantes*

THE royal house descended from Clovis were called the Merovingians. They had ruled for nearly three hundred years and loyalty to them had become one of the most firmly established traditions of the Frankish race. The Merovingians had, however, degenerated into a race of feeble "drone-kings" as they were called. Powerful military leaders, like Charles Martel, fought their way to the front and really ruled the country, assuming the title of the chief officer or "Mayor of the Palace." Yet each of these leaders, to hold the loyalty of the Franks, ruled in the name of some Merovingian king, a mere puppet, held a prisoner within the palace. It was "Pepin the Short," a son of Charles Martel, who ended this anomalous state of affairs. He resolved to rule in his own name, and having secured the sanction of the Pope whom he protected in Italy, Pepin in the year 751 declared the last Merovingian king deposed. His father's friend, Saint Boniface, crowned him King of the Franks.

The quaint symbol of kingship among the Merovingians had been the wearing of long hair. When, therefore, this last puppet king, Chilperic III, was deposed by Pepin, his long hair was cut close, thus rendering him incompetent to be king, and he was placed in a monastery as a monk. Never perhaps was an honored religious position more unwillingly accepted.













## CHARLEMAGNE'S PALACE SCHOOL

(The Great Emperor Establishes Education as a Civilizing Force)

*From the noted historical series by A. de Neuville*

**P**EPIN the Short had risen to be King of the Franks, substituting for the Merovingians or first royal line a second house called the Carlovingians. The most celebrated sovereign of this line was Charlemagne, a name which means Charles the Great. In the story of Italy we have already seen how Charlemagne took yet a step beyond Pepin, and in the year 800 added to his title of King of the Franks that of "Emperor" of all western Europe.

The reign of Charlemagne is regarded as separating those wild "dark ages" of savagery and fighting from the "middle ages" in which civilization began again to rear its head. Of course there were still wild and terrible times to come; but never again was the world to sink back to quite the hideousness of brutality which had stamped the days of Fredegund and Brunhild.

Charlemagne was a mighty civilizing influence. He elevated learning to a place of honor in his domain. He insisted that his fierce Frankish nobles should profit by the intellectual and spiritual uplifting of books. He formed a "palace school," which was the apple of his eye. Any young noble who desired place or power under Charles must attend this school. Often the emperor visited it himself and questioned the students as to their progress. Woe to the youth who was found idle or ignorant by that master. Charles knew well the necessity of severity with these wild young men, and the punishments he inflicted were heavy and lasting.















## THE BAPTISM OF WITTEKIND

(The Saxons Accept the Faith and Empire of Charlemagne)

*Painted in 1884 by Prof. Paul Thumann, the noted German artist*

**B**EFORE the days of Charlemagne the conversion of the Germans to Christianity had been a religious matter left to the priests, like Saint Boniface. Under Charlemagne it became a political movement; the acceptance of Christianity was the outward pledge of obedience to the Frankish Emperor. Now while the Franks were, as we have seen, the most powerful and most civilized of the German tribes, the Saxons were almost equally strong. They dwelt in the wild north-German forests, and were the fiercest and most savage members of the Germanic race.

The chief military labor of Charlemagne's life was the subjugation of these Saxons, by conquering whom he became the first man to rule all the Germans. The struggle was long and obstinate. More than one Frankish army was completely destroyed, as the Roman troops of Varus had been, in the forests of north Germany. Four separate times the Saxons admitted themselves conquered, and as a token of submission accepted wholesale baptism at the hands of Charlemagne's priests. But the Saxons had a great leader, Duke Wittekind, who would not submit. At each defeat he fled into the wilderness, and then came back and roused his people to another rebellion. At length Wittekind is said to have stolen into the camp of Charlemagne in disguise, and to have been so impressed by the wisdom and nobility of the great Emperor that he voluntarily offered to obey him. The baptism of Wittekind united the Saxons permanently to the Frankish faith and empire.















## THE SCOURGE OF GERMANY

(The Ravaging Huns Flee from Ludwig the Child)

*From a painting by the contemporary German artist, E. Klein*

THE empire of Charlemagne was divided among his descendants, who fought among themselves just as the descendants of Clovis had fought. By these divisions the empire gradually became clearly separated into its three modern parts of Germany, France and Italy, so that henceforward in the present story we need follow the fortunes of only that eastern portion which is Germany to-day.

So enfeebled did the Frankish race become by all these civil wars that they could no longer hold their own against outside invaders. Under Charles Martel they had broken the whole stupendous force of the fanatical Mahometans; but now those who dwelt in Germany, the East-Franks, could not match a far feebler foe. A race of Asiatic invaders took possession of the land of Hungary, which they still possess. They were probably Finns, but the Germans associated them with the earlier migration of Attila's Huns and called these invaders Huns also. They attacked Germany and ravaged and plundered almost at will, defeating one army after another. "Ludwig the child," the last of all the Carlovingian line to rule in Germany, came to the throne in the year 895, and repelled the Huns for a moment. But though they fled back to Hungary, it was only to return in renewed force upon another raid. Ludwig was completely defeated and paid tribute to them. To this had the Empire of Charlemagne sunk, it was a tributary state, submissively bowing to the fierce whims of a barbarian Hunnish chieftain.













## A FREELY CHOSEN KING

(The Germans Elect Conrad of Franconia to be Their King)

*After an ancient German sketch*

WITH the death of Ludwig the Child we get the first evidence that there had arisen in Germany a sense of real national unity, a recognition among all men of the value and even the necessity of their uniting for mutual safety and all obeying the rule of a single leader. The Popes had proclaimed a solemn curse upon any man who should swear allegiance to a king not of Charlemagne's race, and as that race had now died out in Germany it seemed as though the people must reunite under the French king, who was descended from Charlemagne. But the German nobles defied the Pope and also the king, both of whom they regarded as foreigners. Calling a general meeting at Forchheim in the year 911, the nobles agreed to select one of their own number as king. Their first choice would have fallen upon the powerful Duke of the Saxons; but he declared himself too old, and voluntarily recommended in his stead Conrad, the Duke of the Franks, or Franconians as the German Franks were now called.

So Conrad became King of Germany by the choice of the Germans themselves. He did not find them very loyal or submissive subjects. His own dukes were constantly warring against him, and encouraging the Hunnish raids. These wild invaders penetrated even to the banks of the Rhine; and Conrad, dying of a wound received in battling against them, left his desolated country at almost the lowest ebb of disruption and disaster.















## HENRY THE FOWLER

(The Embassy Coming to Crown Henry I. Finds Him Trapping Finches)

*From a painting by the contemporary German artist, H. Vogel*

THE ever-increasing ravages of the Huns seemed to threaten Germany with conquest; perhaps civilization was again to be overwhelmed by barbarism. The man who saved Europe from this fate, who not only broke the power of the Huns but also checked the endless wars among the Germans themselves, was that great king, Henry I, whom his people call by the rather idle nickname of Henry the Fowler. The name arose from an incident at the time of his election as king. He was the son of that Duke of the Saxons who had made Conrad of Franconia king; and when Conrad lay dying he declared that this new duke Henry of Saxony was the only man strong enough to save Germany from its miseries. So Conrad's chief nobles, including many of his own Franconian followers, went to Henry's home to present him the regal insignia and entreat him to become their king. Henry was out hunting in the woods, snaring finches; and there the embassy found him, so that he was at once called "the Fowler."

He did a remarkably brave and shrewd thing; he made a treaty of peace with the Huns and paid them a heavy annual tribute. The Germans protested furiously; but Henry held them firmly in check for nine years. Then, having gathered all the strength of the land, having trained his men for battle and having built up cities of refuge along all the frontier, Henry threw off the galling bond, deliberately insulted the Huns and defied them to battle. They came on in fury, but were utterly defeated and their power was broken.











# THE CHRISTIANIZING OF THE WENDS

A German Commander Forces Christianity Upon the Unwilling Slave Chiefs  
BY JOHN A. WARD

THE WENDS, OR SLAVS, AS THEY WERE CALLED, WERE A  
BARBARIC PEOPLE, WHOSE LIFE WAS A LIFE OF  
TERROR AND SLAVERY. THEY WERE THE  
ENEMIES OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE, AND  
THEY WERE THE ENEMIES OF THE  
CHRISTIAN FAITH. THEY WERE THE  
ENEMIES OF THE CIVILIZATION OF THE  
WEST. THEY WERE THE ENEMIES OF  
THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL. THEY  
WERE THE ENEMIES OF THE  
FUTURE OF THE WORLD. THEY  
WERE THE ENEMIES OF THE  
PEACE OF THE EARTH. THEY  
WERE THE ENEMIES OF THE  
HUMANITY OF THE RACE. THEY  
WERE THE ENEMIES OF THE  
GLORY OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.  
THEY WERE THE ENEMIES OF  
THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.  
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THE GLORY OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.







## THE CHRISTIANIZING OF THE WENDS

(A German Commander Forces Christianity Upon the Unwilling Slavie Chiefs)

*By the recent German artist, A. von Hayden*

HENRY THE FOWLER, it must be remembered, was a Saxon. Thus the Saxon tribe of Germans which Charlemagne had subjugated and forced to accept Christianity, was now become the chief tribe of the German kingdom, stronger even than the Franks. These Saxons in their turn took up the vigorous work of spreading Christianity by force. While King Henry held his people back from attacking the Huns, he kept them practiced in arms by directing them against the Slavie races which we now hear of for the first time as beginning to press upon the Germans from the eastward. The first of these Slavs to encounter the heavy handed conversion of the Saxons were a people called the Wends, dwelling in what is now eastern Prussia.

The Saxons marched against the Wends in several expeditions, the most noted being led by a fierce old chieftain called Hermann Billung. Hermann gave each captured Wend the choice of Christianity or death, and having no strong devotion to their own gods, they accepted a nominal Christianity. So completely was the power of the Wends broken that they continued to exist only as slaves of the Saxons. Indeed it was here that the word "slav" began naturally to be used in its German and English sense as indicating a slave.









Brunhild was a stately, majestic woman, and the importance, beauty, and wealth of the bride Siegbert had won, still further roused the jealousy of his brothers. One of them, Chilperic, sued at once for the hand of Brunhild's sister. He had already three or four wives of his own, the worst of them being Fredegund, a woman of low birth, but great beauty and wit, whose fascinations had bewitched the king. Chilperic promised to divorce all these wives, and he did so. The Visigothic queen came in great state to his capital of Soissons. But soon after her wedding she was murdered at the command of Fredegund, who quickly regained all her former influence over the weak king.

Brunhild vowed vengeance against the murderess of her sister. Chilperic, anticipating this, did not wait for Brunhild or her husband to act, but promptly invaded their territory. In the war which followed, Siegbert with his more German Franks was completely successful. Chilperic fled; and the conqueror was raised on the shields of his followers in his brother's capital as king of all the Franks.

Some say it was at the very moment of his elevation that Siegbert was stabbed in the back. At any rate he was assassinated (576), and Chilperic regained much of his former power. Brunhild continued the war, as guardian of her young son. Chilperic was assassinated in his turn, probably by the direction of Fredegund, who feared the loss of her influence over him. The war was then continued by the two queens, each acting in her son's name.

The hatred of the two women hung like a poisonous plague over all the land. In the long struggle Brunhild seems to have grown as wicked and abandoned as her rival, and they tortured and slew all who opposed them. They grew old; Fredegund died, and Brunhild, her vengeance yet unaccomplished, continued the warfare against her enemy's son, Clotar II. Brunhild's own son wearied of the eternal strife and sought peace. He died, perhaps poisoned by his relentless mother, who now urged her grandsons to continue the contest. At last they also wavered. She had both slain and placed her infant great-grandsons on the throne.

She was defeated in the end. Her punishment, it is often called; but do you not think her whole long, hard, and loveless life must have been its own bitterest punishment? Her own subjects abandoned her and delivered her to Clotar. She was tortured for three days and then bound to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to death (613).



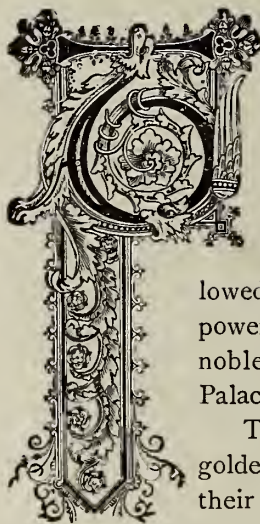




ST. BONIFACE FELLING THE OAK OF THOR

## Chapter L

### SAINT BONIFACE AND THE MAYORS OF THE PALACE



THE generation of Merovingian kings who followed Clotar were the poor puppies of the fabled vision. They lost what little power the long civil wars of their fathers had left them. The nobility had learned to keep out of the contests of their rulers, and to use every evil turn in a king's fortune for establishing more firmly their own positions. This, under the feeble monarchs that followed, brought about a strange state of affairs. The whole power and government of the country became centred in a few nobles, chief of whom was the one called the "Mayor of the Palace."

The kings became mere figure-heads, wearing their long golden hair down their backs in sign of royalty, and wasting their lives in luxurious idleness in the recesses of their palaces. They appeared before the people only on state occasions, to nod their heads in approval of whatever the mayor of the palace might decree.

These mayors seem to have been originally stewards or superintendents of the public lands, which belonged to all the Franks in common. Then they became stewards of the king's lands as well. Thus the office was a mere business one, but carrying with it from the start, vast power. As land is the great original source of all wealth, the ownership of large tracts of it has ever been looked upon as a position of high dignity. Followers of the king had now to seek all such dignity, all such reward, from the mayors of the palace. Hence

came their rapidly increasing power. The office became hereditary, that is, the king could no longer appoint as steward whomever he would, but each father passed the title as an inheritance to his son.

A series of really remarkable men, strong, able, and determined, held the position. They became the leaders of the Franks in war, going forth to battle while the "sluggard kings," as they are called, dozed at home. All power naturally became centred in the hands of these mayors. They created and deposed their monarchs at will, and became more powerful than any king since Clovis' time. The first of the mayors to gain a world-wide name was Charles Martel.

The Frankish kingdom, as in the case of Siegbert and his brothers, had been broken and reunited many times among the Merovingians. Gradually people recognized that it consisted of two or perhaps three clearly marked divisions. The inhabitants of the western part, ancient Gaul, or Neustria as it was now called, were more Roman than German, and began to regard themselves as a different race from the other Franks. The land along the Rhine and extending far into central Germany was called Austrasia, which means the East-land. Its people were wilder and fiercer, slower of intellect perhaps, but weightier and surer than their Romanized brethren. Farther south and partly between the two lay Burgundy, whose inhabitants partook somewhat of the character of each.

Pepin or Pippin of Herestál, the father of Charles Martel, was mayor of the palace in the East-land. He quarrelled with the mayor of Neustria, the West-land, led an army against him, and completely defeated him at Testri, in 687. Pepin is said to have gained the victory by a clever stratagem. He set fire to his own camp. His foes thinking he was retreating, rushed eagerly to plunder it, each scurrying to be first; and in their confusion they were easily overcome.

This battle of Testri, or St. Quentin, was important because it established a supremacy of East-Franks over West-Franks. Pepin became mayor of both districts and distributed many of the higher offices of Neustria among his own East Franks. He was the mightiest ruler of his time, embassies came to him from many lands; but he wisely remained in name the mere steward that his ancestors had been.

Why did he not follow the vision of Clovis, and swallow the puppet kings? An earlier mayor had already made the attempt, and been surprised to find how strong a feeling of loyalty still remained among the Franks for their ancient leaders. Even more dangerous to this ambitious steward had proved the jealousy of the other nobles. As mayor of the palace they had looked upon him as one of themselves, their leader and champion. As *king* he was posing as

their superior, their enemy and oppressor. They promptly turned against him, and the ambitious steward was slain.

Pepin, therefore, true to the established policy of his family, made search for a new king to crown, his own Austrasian one having been slain. It was not an easy matter, for Merovingians were getting scarce; so he finally took the very one his adversaries had been upholding, and placed him on the throne. Naturally Pepin did not allow the new king even the shadowy pretense of power former ones had retained. Because of this, the date of the victory at Testri is often given as the real ending of the Merovingian line.

When Pepin died in 714 his oldest son was already dead. The mayoralship passed therefore to a child grandson under the guardianship of Pepin's wife. The famous Charles Martel was only Pepin's younger son, perhaps an illegitimate one. His step-mother put him in prison to prevent his making trouble for his little nephew.

It was soon proved impossible, however, for a woman and a child to perform the difficult duties, or hold the high leadership of the palace mayors. The land was thrown into anarchy. Claimants for the place sprang up all over the kingdom. The Saxons and other heathen tribes took advantage of the discord among their ancient foes to invade the country. Charles was released from prison, or perhaps escaped from it, and the Austrasians rallied round him. After many battles and more than one defeat which would have destroyed a lesser man, he finally overcame the last of his opponents, drove out all invaders, and succeeded undisputed to the rank and power of his father.

Charles now determined to carry Christianity among the Saxons, hoping thus to make them friends instead of foes. For many years and through many campaigns he labored faithfully at this purpose with his sword, but the Saxons, retreating into their forests, remained unconvinced and defiant. Softer methods were also tried. Missionaries from England and Ireland, many of whom were themselves Saxon, had been for a century past journeying through the district, facing and often meeting martyrdom in their devotion to the new faith.

Most famous of these brave and devoted men was the English priest Winfred, better known as St. Boniface (doer of good deeds), who is often called the Apostle of the Germans. He went among them from his English home about the year 700, and remained for over half a century their chief preacher and spiritual leader. In the land of Hesse, near the Saxon border, stood an ancient oak, consecrated to Thor, the god of thunder. The heathens and their priests, the druids, held this oak very sacred, while even the converted Christians continued to look upon it with secret awe, and tell of the strange whisperings and cries that issued from its branches. One day, when a great heathen ceremony



was being held around it, Winfred appeared on the scene with an axe and boldly began chopping at the sacred tree. He seems to have been unprotected, but even the druid priests did not attack him. All parties held back in silence, watching for Thor to defend his own, and strike down with his lightnings this daring intermeddler. Winfred chopped on; and a sturdy woodsman he must have been, for at last the great oak crashed to the earth beneath his blows. The power of the old gods fell with their tree. Their worshippers, convinced that they were either dead or shorn of their strength, deserted them and joined the church of Winfred in great numbers.

It was after this that Winfred was made a bishop by the Pope, under the name of Boniface (723). He always worked in close sympathy with and in support of the popes and the Frankish rulers. In the establishment of the faith he built schools and monasteries, and founded bishoprics through all southern and western Germany, where many even of the Franks themselves had hitherto clung to the pagan faith. Boniface himself became Archbishop of Mainz or Mayence, chief among the German religious centres. He must be regarded, not only as the Christianizer, but as the civilizer, the city-builder of Germany.

It was on an expedition among the Frisians, in 755, that Boniface met the martyrdom he had prayed for all his life. Of the German tribes at this time only the Saxons, and the Frisians along the Holland coast, still clung to their ancient faith. The Frisians regarded Christianity as a sort of badge of submission to the Franks and were, therefore, specially incensed against it. While Boniface was preaching among them, a band of the fiercer ones rushed upon him from the forest. At first Boniface thought they had been suddenly converted. Then, recognizing their savage intent, he forbade his attendants to protect him, and calmly advanced toward his assailants, still exhorting, and holding aloft the Book of God. But they were fully wrought up to their purpose, and the white-haired, reverend old man perished, beaten down by their battle-axes. "No man before Charlemagne," says one authority, "had a greater influence upon the destinies of Germany than Boniface."

But we are passing beyond the time of Charles Martel. A foe confronted him even more dangerous than the Saxons. The Arab prophet, Mahomet, preached his religion early in the seventh century; and his believers rushed forth from Arabia on their amazing career. They were determined to spread their religion by the sword, and to make all the world accept Mahometanism, or perish. They conquered Persia and Syria, Egypt and all northern Africa. They swept like an irresistible flame over immense regions, carried forward by a fanatical assurance that death, fighting for their faith, meant instant paradise. At the beginning of the eighth century they threatened Europe, attacking



Constantinople in the East, and swarming across the Strait of Gibraltar to the conquest of Spain, in the West. The struggle between Europe and Mahometanism lasted in the East for ten centuries, the followers of the Arab prophet penetrating at one time as far as Vienna. In the West, they were checked and hurled back forever by Charles Martel and his Franks at the great battle of Tours.

This was the most important contest since the overthrow of the Huns at Chalons three centuries before, and it ranks with that event as one of the tremendous battles which have been decisive in the history of mankind. The Mahometans, or Moslems, as they were called, had conquered what was left of the Vandals in Africa; they had destroyed the Visigoths' kingdom in Spain; and now their hordes poured over the Pyrenees into France, confident of extirpating this last remnant of the Germans. They meant thus to complete the circle, and sweeping back through Germany, join their brethren in the final conquest of Constantinople and the world. Christianity, not yet fully established over the expiring paganism of Europe, was called on to meet a rival, newer, more powerful, and far more dangerous than the old.

The dukes and lesser chiefs of southern France fell or fled before the Moslem host. For a moment Christianity seemed doomed. Then came Charles Martel to the rescue. Recognizing the power of his foe and the importance of the struggle, he gathered all the strength of his kingdom. He even sent to seek help from the free German tribes, and from the Lombards of Italy, the latter of whom, and possibly the former as well, rallied to his aid.

The Arab host under their great leader, Abd-er-rahman, had reached Poitiers and were besieging the town. Learning of the approach of Charles, they advanced toward Tours to meet him. The two forces encountered on the open plain between the cities. It is impossible to arrive at any accurate estimate of their numbers. These were somewhere in the hundred thousands, and probably the two armies were nearly equal. For six days they confronted each other, light skirmishing going on between their lines. Then the Arabs began the real battle by a general charge of their fierce and famous cavalry. The Franks stood up against them like a stone wall, their mighty leader in the van, dealing against the foe those tremendous blows which won for him his surname of Martel, which means "the hammer." Hammer of the Mahometans he was indeed! They fled before his blows at last, helped perhaps by a rumor that the Franks had surrounded them and were plundering their camp. But their attack had been savage; it had lasted till nightfall, and the Christian host had suffered severely. The Franks who pursued drew back, fearing an Arab trick. They waited in their ranks till morning, grim and resolute, expecting a renewal of the assault. None came, and there was no sign of life from the Moslem

camp. Hardly believing their senses, a few warriors ventured upon a cautious reconnoissance and found the camp indeed empty. The Mahometan chieftain had fallen on the previous day, and his followers, broken and dispirited, had fled secretly in the night, leaving their dead and most of their plunder to the victorious Franks.

One chronicler sets the number of the Mahometan slain at over three hundred thousand; but as an Arab writer rates his countrymen's whole force at only eighty thousand, we are clearly not dealing with exact mathematics. Would you like to hear the Arab's own quaint account of the great fight and defeat, whose seriousness they sorrowfully admit? Here is Professor Creasy's translation from one of their ancient chronicles:

The Arab writer describes how his people conquered southern France, "laid waste the country and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. . . . So Abd-er-rahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and cruelty of the Moslems toward the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest that God's chastisement was sure to follow such excesses; and Fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems.

"Near the river Loire the two great hosts of the two languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abd-er-rahman, his captains, and his men, were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the gray of the morning the Moslems returned to battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the centre of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp; whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abd-er-rahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier, Abd-er-rahman, took place in the hundred and fifteenth year."

You will note that the two narratives disagree in some details, as was, of course, to be expected. The victor and the vanquished never remember their

struggle in just the same way. Frequently both claim to have had the best of it. Here the one central fact is fully admitted. This was a great Mahometan defeat. Their writers refer to it constantly as "the deadly battle," "the disgraceful overthrow." Whether Tours and Poitiers were actually captured, or rescued as the Christian historians assert, are questions of minor importance. That the Franks lost heavily in the fight is proven by the fact that they did not follow up their victory.

The Arabs were left in peace and allowed so to recruit their strength that they ventured another, though lesser, invasion a few years later, while Charles was away fighting once more against the Saxons. He returned and settled the Arab question forever by a second great victory at Narbonne. The power of the Franks was thus extended over the kingdom the Visigoths had formerly held in southern France. The boundary of the Frankish land became as we know it to-day, the Pyrenees.

Charles Martel was everywhere acknowledged as the hero and savior of Europe. His puppet Merovingian king died, and Charles delayed for four years the coronation of his successor. Scarce a murmur was heard from the people. Evidently the time was approaching when the ancient kings could be entirely supplanted. But whatever plans Charles may have had were ended by his death in 741. He left his power to his two sons, Carloman and Pepin, —or rather to Pepin, for Carloman the elder soon resigned his rank and retired to a monastery, leaving the entire kingdom to his brother. Carloman's action is said to have been caused by remorse, he himself having put to death a huge number of rebellious Alemanni. Such sudden revulsions of feeling were not uncommon in those days. Pepin himself is said to have been haunted for years with remorse at having secured the murder of an enemy, the rebellious Duke Waifre of Aquitaine.

It was this Pepin who finally swallowed up the frisking puppy kings. You have heard already in Rome's story of his famous appeal to the Pope, "Which should be king, he who has the name or he who has the power?" It was St. Boniface who counselled Pepin to seek the Pope's help, and doubtless Boniface also influenced the Pope's reply. The change, being thus authorized by the church, was accomplished without a single protesting voice, unless it may have been that of the poor dethroned Merovingian himself, Childeric III. His long golden hair, the sign of royalty, was shorn off, and he was forced, helpless, into the monastery of St. Omer.

Then there was a great ceremonial held at Soissons in 751; Pepin was raised on the shields of his followers amid the acclamation of all beholders. Bishop Boniface blessed him, and pronounced the curse of the Church upon any man who should ever attempt to take away the kingship thus con-



ferred upon the race of the great Charles Martel. The bishop then crowned Pepin with elaborate formalities, and poured upon his head oil from the sacred vial of Clovis. The Merovingian line of kings passed away, and the Carolingian, so called from Charlemagne, greatest of the race, reigned in its stead.



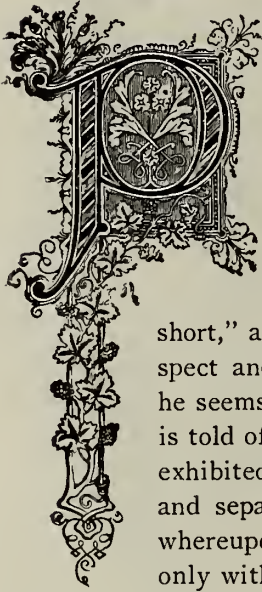
BONIFACE DECLARING PEPIN KING



CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS PALADINS

## Chapter LI

### CHARLEMAGNE AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE



EPIN LE BREF, which means Pepin the Short, reigned as king for seventeen years. You will recall how he repaid the service of the Pope by defeating the Lombards in Italy, relieving Rome from their attack and making them tributaries of the Franks.

Pepin was by no means the least noteworthy man of his remarkable race. He ruled over his turbulent people strongly and well. The nickname of "the short," at first perhaps given him in derision, became one of respect and admiration among his followers; for though not tall, he seems to have been remarkably sturdy and heavily built. It is told of him that one day, when a lion and a bull were being exhibited in combat, he dared any of his nobles to leap between and separate the enraged beasts. They unhesitatingly declined; whereupon Pepin himself performed the daring feat, and armed only with a short sword, slew both the monsters. "You call me short, behind my back," he said, "but which of your tallest can do as much as I?"

At Pepin's death he followed the unfortunate policy which was hereditary among the Franks, and divided his kingdom between his two sons. One of these died shortly, and Charles, the other, ignoring the claims of his brother's children, seized with strong hand upon the whole kingdom. This resolute new king was Charlemagne, which means Charles the Great. He is one of the grandest figures in the whole range of history.



Writers of his own day tell us that Charles was seven feet tall; that his arm was as irresistible as his genius; that no man could match him with weapons or, oddly intermingling with his other accomplishments, in swimming. His bearing was majestic, his beard light brown and curling, his eyes blue and so keen that no man was ever found who could face his look. Even if we subtract a few inches from this description, we have still remaining a tall and imposing figure. Like his father and grandfather, Charles was a man of iron, the chief of his nation, not simply in rank, but also in intellectual ability and bodily strength.

We are told that when Charles took up the Pope's quarrel and attacked the Lombards, their king, Desiderius, watched from his city walls the coming of the Frankish host. When Charles himself appeared, the splendor of his bearing, the awful aspect of his menacing figure in full armor upon a superb steed, so overwhelmed the poor Lombard that he cried, "Let us leave the wall and hide ourselves even beneath the earth to escape the angry eye of this mighty enemy."

Such speeches, when they occur in the old chronicles, are not to be taken literally, but rather as expressing the enthusiasm of the writer. Yet it is certain that, through all his reign, wherever Charlemagne fought in person, he was victorious. Wherever he withdrew and left the command to his lieutenants, they failed before the desperate and dangerous enemies who circled the Franks upon all sides.

This Lombard campaign was Charles' first great military exploit. The unfortunate Desiderius made but a feeble showing against him, was deposed and put in a monastery. Charles placed upon his own head the crown of the Lombards, which they regarded with peculiar veneration. It was called the iron crown, as containing one of the iron nails from the cross of Christ. The Lombards seem to have accepted willingly the rule of Charles, who thereafter called himself "King of the Franks and Lombards."

The marvel of Charlemagne's life has always been how, in the midst of his constant military operations, he found time to be so great as a statesman, a lawgiver, an educator, and a civilizer. All of these proud titles he fully merits, yet he personally led thirty-seven different campaigns against the foes of his kingdom. Most famous of these, in modern French eyes, were his wars against the Mohammedans in Spain. He extended the frontier of his dominions far beyond the Pyrenees, forming a Frankish province in northern Spain. French romance is full of the mighty achievements of his twelve knights or "paladins," the greatest of whom, Roland, fell in these Moslem wars.

From a German standpoint, however, Charlemagne's most important work was in the east of his kingdom, where after thirty years of warfare he finally



crushed the resistance of the Saxons, and made the survivors one nation with his German Franks. It must be understood that up to this date, it had sometimes seemed doubtful which of the two tribes was the stronger, and which would conquer in the end. If so far, we have said little about the Saxons and much about the Franks, it is partly because the wilder race have left no records behind them, and what we know of them is only what their foes choose to tell.

The Saxon campaigns of Charlemagne may be divided into two periods: the first, a war of conquest, the second, one of extermination. The hero of the first is Wittekind, a Saxon noble. It was in 772 that Charles first marched into Saxony with the avowed purpose of punishing certain inroads into France. The Saxons, after being twice defeated, promised to behave themselves. But now came Wittekind, calling upon them to defy the haughty Franks and stand by their ancient gods. There was a foray, some Frankish towns were burned, a noted church narrowly escaped, and Charles swore an oath to continue warring against the Saxons until they were "either subdued and converted to the Christian religion or all destroyed."

Almost every year thereafter, until 785, he marched with an army through the Saxon land. At first the enemy fought against him; then, despairing of success, they surrendered, promised amendment, and accepted baptism with sullen resignation. Secret societies spread through the land, and every man who voluntarily accepted the Christian faith was marked as a foe. Each time that Charles departed, the people rose suddenly against his lieutenants, defeated them, slew many of their Christian brethren, and returned to the worship of their former gods. Wittekind was the heart and soul of every revolt. As each effort failed he fled into the wilderness, only to return and rouse his countrymen again.

At last, in 782, there was an uprising more than usually successful, and a whole Frankish army was annihilated. Charles' patience was exhausted. The feigned submission and promises of conversion with which the Saxons met him, no longer appeased him. He demanded to know the leaders of the insurrection. All threw the blame on Wittekind; but as Wittekind, scorning submission, had fled again, Charles seized forty-five hundred of the leading Saxons on the charge of being involved in the treachery, and had them beheaded in one day at Verden. The number of the victims makes absurd the old legend that he slew them with his own hand, but the gruesome fact remains that they were slain.

Not content with this appalling vengeance, the king swept through the land ravaging it everywhere with fire and sword, until winter sent him back to his capital and to repose. The Saxons were not cowed; rather they were roused to furious revenge for their dead relatives, their blackened and desolate homes.

Rebellion sprang up full-armed behind the retiring army, and the following spring Charlemagne found all his work of years undone, to be begun once more. If the king was heroic in his unbending resolution, the Saxons were not less so in their defiant resistance. By this time they must have recognized the hopelessness of their cause, yet they fought for freedom to the bitter end.

There was a desperate battle at Detmold, Wittekind against Charles; and the best result the great conqueror could secure seems to have been a drawn contest. He found it advisable to retreat and wait for reinforcements. The Saxons had no longer reinforcements to count upon. They were defeated utterly in a second battle. Then for three years their land was systematically laid waste from end to end. Whole districts of fertile farm land were reduced to uninhabited deserts. The people fled into the remoter parts of the country, as yet beyond the conqueror's grasp.

Wittekind saw that the end had come, and that the Franks were victorious. He voluntarily sought Charlemagne, promised loyalty to him and accepted baptism. When their great champion thus yielded, the Saxons knew that their cause was indeed hopeless, and the mass of them reluctantly followed his example. Great was the triumph of the Frankish court. There had been false appearances of success before, but here at last was success itself. Wittekind's baptism was made a great event. Charlemagne acted as his godfather and assisted him through the ceremony. He was made Duke of Saxony and sent back to govern his people. The first period of the war was over (785).

Here Wittekind passes from history. We only know that his word once given remained unbroken, that he was faithful to Charlemagne and labored for his people. He has been adopted by the Germans as one of their great heroes, a worthy successor to Hermann as the champion of liberty. Many German families, even royal ones, still claim him as an ancestor.

Paganism had met its downfall. With returning peace, prosperity began to spread among the Saxons. Their forced conversions became, in many cases, genuine. The civilization of the race began. Something of their former wild state may be judged from the laws Charlemagne established among them, one of which forbade further eating of human flesh.

Still the wild, free race must have found the Frankish yoke galling, and the more northern ones, further removed from Frankish influence, broke again into rebellion in 792. The war against these became a war of extermination. Charlemagne, withdrawn by their revolt from greater conquests which he had in hand, was bitterly determined that they should not interfere with his plans again. Campaign followed campaign. Tens of thousands of the unhappy people were marched as prisoners from their homes and settled in other parts of the Frankish kingdom. How many thousands were slain we have no way of

knowing, but the land, after the final rounding up and transplanting of a wretched remnant in 804, seems to have been left deserted. Farmhands were sent from other parts of the kingdom to cultivate it.

The conquest from which this last Saxon revolt had turned Charles aside was that of the people of Hungary, a wild heathen race called the *Avári*, though this name is perhaps a confusion with the word *Bavarians*, a German tribe with whom the Hungarians often allied themselves. It is quite possible that these *Avári* were descendants of Attila's Huns. At any rate they were a similar race, fierce, ugly, and warlike. For two hundred years they had been making inroads among the German people, and gathering enormous masses of treasure in their immense ring-forts. These forts were walls built of huge trees and logs interwoven and grown together. The largest of the fortresses consisted of seven such impenetrable ramparts, one within the other, in huge circles, the outermost covering many miles of territory.

Charlemagne broke the power of these people by repeated invasions. A force under his son, Pepin, stormed the great ring-fort, clambering over wall after wall, sword in hand, and capturing all the accumulated treasures at the centre. Most of the *Avári* perished. The survivors were kept in subjection by colonies of Germans planted along their frontier. The land thus settled was called the East-realm, or *Aust-reich*, and was the origin of the Austria of to-day.

In similar ways the great monarch established a sort of supremacy over all the tribes to the east of Germany. These were a scarcely known, barbaric people of different race from the Germans. They had occupied the land once German, but left vacant by the general southward movement of that race against Rome. These eastern people were called *Slavs*. Russia is the great Slavonic kingdom of the present time.

Charlemagne built a palace at Paderborn in the heart of Saxony, and here he held, in 799, a splendid assembly, to which there came ambassadors of all nations, to do him honor. Even the Mahometan caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame, sought the friendship of the European conqueror, and sent him presents, including an elephant which caused much marvelling among the Franks.

The next year Charlemagne went to Rome to protect the Pope from enemies who had attempted to dethrone him; and there occurred that famous coronation of which you have read in Rome's story. The old days when one man ruled the world seemed to have come again, and so on Christmas day of the year 800 Charlemagne was crowned Emperor, amid the universal acclamation of his subjects. Thus began the German or, as Charlemagne himself named it, the Holy Roman Empire, which was to last through many vicissitudes for a thousand



years. It did not expire until Napoleon's time, when the defeated Emperor of Austria, who had inherited the outworn title, resigned it in 1806.

As Emperor, Charlemagne required a new and higher oath of allegiance from his subjects. Hitherto his Franks had only been pledged to follow their king in war and submit to certain general laws. Now a solemn ceremony was everywhere enacted by which they vowed to obey their emperor in all things. His power became, as that of the Roman emperors had been, absolute and unquestioned. His plans soared even higher, he hoped once more to unite East and West. The Empire of the East was at the moment in the hands of a woman, the Empress Irene. She was a horrible tyrant, stained with blood and every atrocity. Nevertheless, being possessed with quite other thoughts than those of love, Charles sent an embassy seeking her hand in marriage. The offer never reached her; while it was on the way, her own outraged people rebelled and slew her. The Eastern Empire was to continue its feeble, separate existence for yet another six hundred and fifty years.

The last days of Charles were days of peace, though darkened by much domestic misfortune. His gigantic frame seems to have been incapable of growing old. He was seventy-two when he died in 814, yet he continued hunting in the woods and exercising on horseback to within a week of his death. A fever seized him. He is said to have used the starvation treatment in all his illnesses, but this time it failed him. He abstained from food for seven days, but the fever became more violent, and he saw that his end had come. His last words were a Christian prayer, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

The greatness of Charlemagne lies not so much in that he built up an empire, for that was disrupted after his death. It lies rather in that he laid the foundations of our modern world. He gave to his people peace and order. He built up an elaborate system of laws, which served to guide them in their conduct toward each other, and which gradually took the place of—

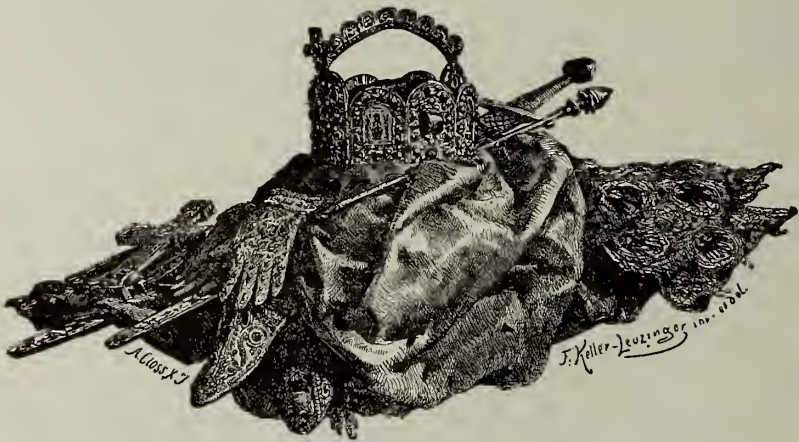
" The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can."

He founded a literature, and was himself a poet and a musician. Above all, he began the education of his people. He established schools which were his special pride, and which he visited constantly. All the boys of the higher ranks were compelled to attend. Hands which in former ages would have known only the sword, were now taught to grasp the pen. We can almost see to-day the mighty monarch, with deep-seeing, flashing, blue eyes, as once, finding the common lads doing better work than the young nobles, he thundered forth: "Look here, ye scions of our best nobility, ye pampered ones who, trust-

ing to your birth or fortune, have disobeyed me, and instead of studying, as ye were bound, and I expected ye to do, have wasted your time in idleness, on play, luxury, or unprofitable occupation! By the King of heaven, let others admire ye as much as they please; as for me, I set little store by your birth or beauty, understand ye and remember it well, that unless ye give heed speedily to amend your past negligence by diligent study, ye will never obtain anything from Charles."

The main strength of Charlemagne's empire lay among his East-Franks, and among them he planted his capital at Aachen, the modern Aix-la-Chapelle. The city had been founded by his father Pepin, but it was much beautified and enlarged by Charlemagne. He built here a palace, and also a cathedral. In the latter he was buried, amid the lamentation of a people who loved as much as they honored him. A rather untrustworthy old chronicle says that his dead body was dressed in his imperial robes and crown, and seated upon a golden throne within the sepulchre, girt with a golden sword and with the dead hands resting on a golden Book of the Gospels. To this day the stone covering his grave still remains in the centre of the great Aix cathedral with only the two simple words upon it "Carolo Magno."

With Charles the age of destruction ends. The Middle Ages, as they are called, begin. The old period had been one of partial paganism, of wandering tribes warring against all they met, a confusion of savage, almost purposeless inroads, burnings, and general desolation. The new period was still one of cruel and sometimes senseless warfare; but there were settled nations, a gradually advancing civilization, and above all there was Christianity, bringing with it a slow recognition of the wickedness of war, and the greater power, wisdom, and worthiness of Christ's peace.



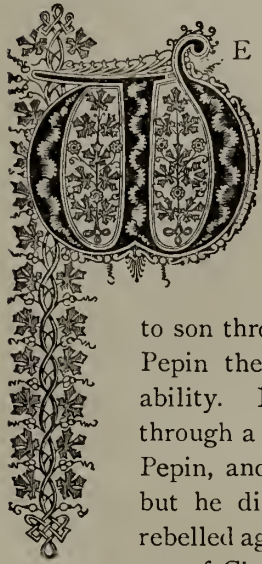
CROWN AND INSIGNIA OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE



LEWIS THE PIOUS DETHRONED BY HIS SON

## Chapter LII

### THE GERMAN KINGDOM AND HENRY THE CITY-BUILDER



WE have traced the German race through the period of its expansion, as it spread over all the Roman world. We turn now to watch the disruption of its empire into modern France and Germany, and the concentration of the surviving Germanic elements within their ancient home.

We have seen what is perhaps the one instance in the world where greatness has descended from father to son through four generations. Pepin of Herestal, Charles Martel, Pepin the Short, and Charlemagne were all men of remarkable ability. It was hardly to be expected that genius should extend through a fifth generation. Charlemagne had three sons: Charles, Pepin, and Lewis. Charles may have inherited his father's genius, but he died young. Pepin, who, we are told, was a hunchback, rebelled against his father, was imprisoned and also died. Lewis, the son of Charlemagne's old age, therefore inherited the entire empire.

Lewis the Pious, he was called, though we would scarce consider him a saint in these days. Well-meaning he undoubtedly was, but a man required something more than merely good intentions wherewith to grasp and keep in order that whole tempestuous world. He needed to be an able general, a man strong of will and keen of intellect. These things Lewis was not. They say he was as tall of stature as his father,—he certainly was like him in little else. His own sons rebelled against him and put him in prison. The land was deso-



lated with civil war. Lewis was liberated, and there was more war. After his death his three surviving sons fought among themselves.

Finally, in 843, the brothers came to an agreement, and by the treaty of Verdun divided the empire among them, mainly retaining what they had already seized. Lothair, the eldest, secured the title of emperor, with a long, queer, narrow kingdom stretching between the other two. It included Italy, Burgundy, and a thin strip along the west bank of the Rhine reaching to Holland and the North Sea. Thus he retained both the empire's capitals, Rome and Aachen, but none of its real strength. This lay with the East-Franks and the West-Franks. The West-Franks, with most of the land of modern France, went to Charles, the youngest son. The other son Lewis, called the "German," retained all the territory east of the Rhine, the ancient land of Germany.

With this date, 843, and this treaty of Verdun, begins the separate existence of France and Germany. The two branches of the East and West Franks were already sharply divided. They even spoke different languages. The East-Franks still used their ancient German tongue; but the German speech that the West-Franks brought with them into Gaul, they gradually lost among their far more numerous Roman subjects. The languages, like the races, had blended, until the West-Franks spoke what was really a much corrupted Latin, which we call French. Take, for example, that most common name of the Frankish kings, *Lewis*. Its changes give an idea of how the commonest words were altering in sound and spelling. In old German this name was Chlodwig, in old French it became Clovis; in modern German it is Ludwig, in modern French, Louis.

We will leave the future of the West-Franks for another story, and follow here the fortunes of the East-Franks. This harsher, harder, sturdier, rougher half of the race had now begun a kingdom of their own, along with Saxons, Bavarians, Alemanni, and other tribes, all Germanic. Over this kingdom ruled the best of the grandsons of Charlemagne, Lewis—or shall we now adopt the German form and say Ludwig?—"the German."

Ludwig kept the kingdom in tolerable order while he lived. He was succeeded by his son, Charles the Fat (876-887), who, by outliving all the other Carolingians, became for a brief while Emperor of the whole domain. But Charles was weak and foolish. The Norsemen, those terrible sea-robbers, who were spreading over all Europe, and of whom you will hear much more in France's story, besieged Paris. Charles, instead of fighting, bought them off by paying a huge tribute, and his subjects were furious at the national dishonor. There was a rebellion, Charles was deposed, and France broke away from the empire again.

Arnulf, an illegitimate descendant of Charlemagne, was made king in Ger-

many (887–899). He was a resolute man, and for a moment it seemed as if he might stem the torrent of desolation and civil war which was sweeping away the empire. The greatest service he did his country was the defeat which he inflicted on a large army of the Norse robbers, a defeat so bloody and convincing that thereafter they kept almost altogether out of Germany, preferring to plunder where they could find easier victims.

Arnulf even went to Rome, which closed its gates and refused to acknowledge his sovereignty. After a vain siege he was turning away, when the taunts hurled at his soldiers by the defenders on the walls so enraged the Germans that they swarmed up the ramparts to be avenged, and had captured the city before either they or Arnulf realized it. Arnulf was then crowned Emperor, and for a moment reunited all Charlemagne's realm except France. Unfortunately he died, probably poisoned by the vengeful Italians, who afterward went on gratifying their own vanity by appointing so-called emperors from among themselves, and fighting for the empty title.

In Germany, Arnulf's sceptre fell into the hands of his infant son, Ludwig the Child, the last of the Carlovingians. He ruled only in name. What could a child do in those wild days! Each great noble was lord of his own domain in practical independence. The Norsemen had left Germany, but fiercer foes had come to ravage it. These were the people of Hungary, the Magyars, still called Huns by the Germans, though really a Finnish race. Something of the old Hun blood of Attila's time may have run riot in them, for they were as ferocious as his hordes had been, and like them, small and hideous but strong, of frame and perfect masters of their swift horses and far-reaching arrows. There was no one to lead a united army against them. Ludwig tried, but was ignominiously defeated. The priests preached openly from the pulpits, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." Poor lad, he was doing his best. Fate had placed him in a position too heavy for his youth and weakness. It was a relief to his distracted country, it must almost have been a relief to himself, when he died in 911. He was only eighteen.

We now come to an important point in the story of Germany. Its people had hitherto consisted of several separate and often antagonistic tribes or nations under the dominion of the Franks. They were ruled by Frankish emperors, who had originally won their power by conquest, and who held the subject races together by the sword. These different races were governed by dukes, at first mere servants of the emperor; but as the authority of the sovereigns weakened, that of the dukes increased. The rank became hereditary; and the people learned to esteem their dukes far more than the unknown, distant, and often incompetent emperor. Reverence for the memory of Charlemagne, the magnificence and splendor of his empire, had perhaps done more

than anything else to hold the different nations together. Now, with the death of Ludwig the Child, last of the Carolingians, even this bond was lost. Each of the great dukes stood alone, and it seemed that Germany would break into as many separate kingdoms as there were dukedoms.

Probably this would have taken place but for the continued and disastrous invasions of the Magyars from Hungary. Bitter experience taught the dukes that no one of them could separately withstand these dangerous foes. Two dukes perished in the attempt. The rest saw they must unite or die. So of their own free will they met at Forchheim in Bavaria, in this year, 911, and chose one of their number to be king over them all.

This, you will see, formed a German kingdom very different from the Carolingian empire. Let us pause, therefore, to see just what the districts or duchies were which thus voluntarily united. *Saxony* lay to the north, not where you see the little kingdom of Saxony to-day, but where much of Prussia now lies, covering both banks of the Elbe River, bordering on the sea and stretching almost to the lower Rhine. *Thuringia*, the central German land of forests, was at this time part of Saxony, though sometimes separated from it. *Franconia*, the land of the East-Franks, lay along the eastern bank of the Rhine through its middle course. Bordering the upper Rhine was *Swabia*, the land of the Alemanni, and farther east was *Bavaria*, partly where Bavaria and Austria lie to-day.

The country on the west bank of the Rhine, which you will remember had made part of the narrow central empire of Charlemagne's oldest grandson, Lothair, was called from him *Lotharingia* or *Lorraine*. It had been first united to Germany and then to France, and was already what it has continued to be through all the centuries, a bone of bitter contention between the two, seized now by one, now by the other. To a lesser degree Burgundy, the second portion of Lothair's temporary empire, suffered the same uncertain fate. Burgundy finally became French, while Lotharingia has been most frequently German, and its people have always spoken the German tongue.

Lotharingia was not represented, however, at the famous assembly which met at Forchheim to choose a successor to Ludwig the Child. Something of the old Frankish pre-eminence seemed still to be acknowledged, for the lords selected Conrad, the Duke of Franconia, to be their king. He was not really the most powerful among them. That distinction belonged to Otto, Duke of Saxony; but Otto, a wary, watchful old fighter, declined the doubtful and dangerous honor of the kingship. The real power of Franconia lay in the hands of its bishop, Hatto, Bishop of Mainz, a strong, but stern and selfish man, who, according to legend, was devoured for his crimes by an army of rats. Conrad was one of Hatto's followers, and had only recently been created Duke



of Franconia by his influential patron. So both Hatto and Otto thought to use the feeble king as they liked, and agreed in placing him on the throne.

Conrad (911-918) made the best of his difficult position. He asserted himself far more than his patrons expected, gradually increased his power, and fought long and well against the Hungarians. Events went smoothly, until Otto of Saxony died and was succeeded by his fiery young son, Henry. Conrad hoped to weaken the new duke's strength by separating Saxony and Thuringia. Accordingly, he decreed that Henry should rule only in Saxony. Henry promptly rebelled. The ancient antagonism of Saxon and Frank flared up. The whole Saxon race rallied round Henry; there was a great battle at Merseburg (915), and the Franks were so terribly defeated that a fierce old Saxon song of triumph cries, "Where shall the under-world find room for all the slaughtered Franks?"

The leadership of the kingdom had clearly passed from Frank to Saxon. Conrad, dying soon after, recognized this fact and rose above personal enmity to true greatness. To his brother, Eberhard, and the other nobles who stood by his death-bed, he said: "Take my crown and bear it to young Henry of Saxony. There is no other has the strength to wear it." The Frankish nobles obeyed, and seeking out the surprised Henry, offered him the crown. They are said to have found him away among the mountains, with a hawk upon his wrist, bird hunting, or "fowling," because of which he became known as Henry the Fowler.

Henry I., "the Fowler" (918-936), was a descendant of Charlemagne's persistent Saxon opponent, Wittekind. We can imagine then with what gratification the Saxons beheld him raised to Charlemagne's throne. They saw in it the final triumph of their race over the conquering Frank, and they supported their young chief with loyal zeal. Henry seems to have recognized from the first the high duties and perils of his office. A fickle world has forgotten to bestow upon him the too common title of "Great"; but great he unquestionably was, both in character and in the work he did for his country. Modern students regard him as the greatest of the Saxon rulers of Germany. He found the land tottering on the brink of ruin, reeling from the attacks of the Magyars without, shattered by disunion within, each duke thinking selfishly of his own power, only one heart big enough to feel at once for all Germany and its people, and that one heart his own. The dying Conrad had read the future well. The task which had proven too heavy for him, able though he was, he had passed to the one man who could, and who did, accomplish it successfully.

Henry's first need, as he instantly saw, was to have his title recognized everywhere in the land. He understood clearly the nature of his claim to the

throne. When a bishop would have poured the sacred oil upon his head at the coronation, he forbade it, declaring that he was not worthy to be the church's king; he was content to be merely his people's king, since it was they who had chosen him. The two southern dukes of Bavaria and Swabia refused to acknowledge him as their superior. The Bavarian even raised an army in opposition. Henry marched against this with a powerful force of Saxons and Franks; but instead of annihilating the offending noble, he arranged a personal meeting, and urged the case so frankly, yet so ably, that the rebel submitted without a blow and joined his army to Henry's.

Thus strengthened, instead of weakened by battle, Henry turned with the same display of combined strength and moderation against the King of France. This monarch had now held Lotharingia for some years in defiance of all that Germany could do. Henry marched against him, but again arranged a personal interview. The two kings met midway between their armies; and Henry's frank, shrewd, persuasive words once more achieved a victory where arms might have failed. The foes parted as friends, and the French monarch voluntarily yielded the disputed province.

Henry next matched his clever wit against the savage Hungarians. They were again ravaging Germany in such force as the disheartened populace could no longer resist. Henry captured a Hungarian leader; but instead of executing him as the nobles insisted, the king offered not only to free the prisoner, but also to pay a large yearly tribute to the Huns if they would agree to a truce for nine years. The barbaric tribes were as pleased over the submission, as the Germans were humiliated by the disgrace. The king's course seemed to his own people nothing but cowardice, and instead of being grateful for the peace, they sneered and taunted him. But Henry saw further than they, he had marked out his course, and, secure of himself, pursued it with the inflexible resolution of true greatness.

The nine-year respite which he had obtained, was spent in careful and thorough preparation. The fiery spirits who chafed in peace, were sent on an expedition against the Wends, a Sclavic race who were threatening Germany from the northeast. These Wends were heathens and had joined the Hungarians in previous raids. Unsupported, they proved no match for the Germans and were completely crushed. One by one their leaders were captured and given the choice of Christianity or death. The race was ground to dust. The Saxons gradually moved east and occupied their lands. The surviving Wends became little better than slaves to the conquerors. Indeed, it was here that our modern word *slave* originated; it is only another form of Slav.

Meanwhile, all along the Hungarian frontier Henry was building strong-walled cities, so many of them that his people began to drop that misleading

title, "the Fowler," and call him by what seems to us a far more appropriate and honorable name. He became known as "Henry the City-Builder."

He trained his people, too, in martial exercises. He instituted the "tournaments" which afterward became so popular, and of which we read so much to-day. They were friendly combats with sword or lance. The play was dangerous, and sometimes a man was slain; but the combatants grew thoroughly familiar with their weapons, accustomed to blows, and ready to meet unflinchingly the fiercest foe. Nor were these exercises confined to the nobility. A regular militia was formed from the common people. Every ninth man throughout the land was clothed and fed by his fellows, and compelled to give his whole time to the practise of arms. A very different set of soldiers, and even a very different Germany, slowly emerged from under Henry's skilful hand.

The nine years of the truce slipped by. Each year a Hungarian embassy came in haughty fashion and demanded the tribute money. Each year it was paid them, though the German nobles grew every time more furious, and were only held in check by the strong hand of their resolute king. The ninth year came, and with it the ambassadors, haughtier than ever. Henry's nobles watched sullenly to see what he would do. According to legend a great bag was brought in as usual, but before giving it to the Hungarians, Henry said with ominous sternness: "Tell your masters I am ready for them now. So you may take them back this, the last tribute they shall ever have from Germany." Then the bag was opened before the astonished Hungarians, and out rolled a wretched, yelping, mangy cur.

Can you fancy what an exultant shout went up from the delighted Germans? Ah, but this king of theirs knew how to rule them! In that grim jest they saw their long humiliation amply avenged. They understood it all now, —all that Henry's slow patience had done for them, all the power he had placed in their hands, all the vengeance he had made ready. The king had the ardent support of every sword in Germany for the inevitable war.

A great army of the furious Hungarians poured into the country. But the people had now Henry's walled cities into which to retreat and, in comparison with former raids, they suffered little harm. Henry's army met the Hunnish hordes at Merseburg (933), near the scene of his great victory over Conrad. He had taught his soldiers to regard this as a holy war,—Christianity against heathendom; and he had a great picture of the archangel Michael, the angel of victory, borne in front of his soldiers. But even with his improved army and the high spirit he had infused into his men, the struggle was long doubtful. At last, however, the Huns were defeated and fled in despair. The German peasants hunted them through the country like rabbits. The survivors who reached their own far-away home, declared that their gods had deserted them.

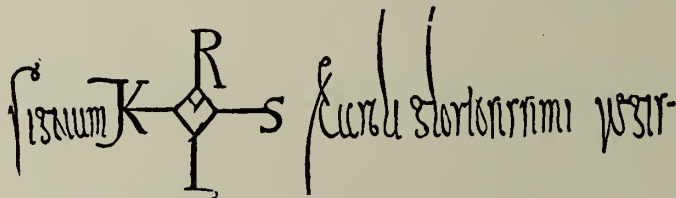


They recalled the magnificent figure of the winged angel Michael that had been borne against them, and they fastened huge golden wings on all their idols, hoping to make their gods equal to the Christians'. Later they attempted another invasion of Germany; but their power had been broken forever at Merseburg.

With those nine years of preparation, however, Henry had done a greater thing than defeat the Huns. He had set his stamp forever on the future, not only of Germany, but of the world. Two wonderful institutions sprang up under his hand, which have been among the most potent factors in modern civilization. With his tournaments he instituted knighthood, from which came chivalry, loyalty, devotion to woman, and all the fairest flowers of the Middle Ages. His order of knighthood took no regard of rank, but was planned to admit every one who could worthily pledge himself to a life of warfare in defence of country and king. Henry and his great lords discussed the qualities which should be required in a member of the new order. Legend makes each lord supply one demand.

"A knight," said Henry himself, "must not by word or deed injure Holy Church." "Nor harm the Empire," added Conrad, the High Steward of Germany. "Nor injure any woman," put in Hermann of Swabia. "Nor break his word," inserted Berthold of Bavaria. "Nor," concluded Conrad of Franconia, "must he ever run away from battle." So these were the qualities required of a knight. He was to be brave and truthful, a loyal supporter of women, of his king, and of his God. Thus the knights sprang into existence, true gentlemen from the start. Of course the order was by no means as pure in practice as it was theoretically, but it proved a mighty step in the progress of the nations.

Even more influential was Henry's other creation, that of the walled cities. From them sprang the free world of to-day. The settlers within the walls were under no ruler but the king; in his absence they governed themselves. Later they elected their own magistrates, and became so many little republics in the heart of the kingdom. Gradually their power increased, until it was greater than that of the nobles. They produced the real rulers of the world to-day,—the great body of free "citizens," as we still call ourselves in remembrance of those cities.



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